

*The Historie of*

The very botome and the soule of hope,  
The very list, the very vtmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* Faith, and so we should,  
Where now remains a sweete reuerfion,  
We may boldly spend, vpon the hope, of what t'is to come in  
A comfort of retirement lues in this.

*Hot.* A randeous, a home to flie vnto,  
If that the Diuell and mischance looke big  
Vpon the maiden-head of our affaires.

*Wor.* But yet I would your father had bene heres  
The qualitie and haire of our attempt  
Brookes no diuision, it will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty, and meere dislike  
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.  
And thinke, how such an apprehension  
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,  
And breede a kinde of question in our cause:  
For, well you know, we of the offering side,  
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,  
And stop all sight-holes, euery loope, from whence  
The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs.  
This absence of your fathers drawes a curtaine,  
That shewes the ignorant, a kinde of feare  
Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You straine too far.  
I rather of his absence make this vse,  
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to your great enterprize,  
Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke,  
If we without his helpe can make a head  
To push against a kingdome, with his helpe  
We shall or turne it, topsie turuy downe,  
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can thinke, there is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland, as this tearme of feare.

*Enter Sir R. Vernon.*

*Henry the fourth.*

*Hot.* My coosen Vernon, welcome by my soule.

*Ver.* Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.  
The Earle of Westmerland, seuen thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince Iohn.

*Hot.* No harme, what more?

*Ver.* And further I haue learnd,  
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too: where is his sonne,  
The nimble footed madcap, Prince of Wales?  
And his Cumrades, that daft the world aside,  
And bid it passe?

*Ver.* All furnisht, all in Armes:  
All plumde like Estridges, that with the winde  
Baited like Eagles hauing lately bath'd,  
Glittering in golden coates like images,  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the sunne at Midsummer,  
Wanton as youthfull goates, wilde as yong buls:  
I saw yong Harry with his beuer on,  
His cuthes on his thighs, gallantly armde,  
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an Angell dropt downe from the clouds,  
To turne and wind a fiery Pegafus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*Hot.* No more, no more, worse then the sun in March,  
This praise doth nourish agues, let them come,  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyd maid of smoky war,  
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:  
The mailed Mars shall on his altars sit  
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire  
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh,  
And yet not ours: Come, let me take my horse,  
Who is to beare me like a thunderbolt,  
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales,

*Harry*